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PRICE TEN CENTS.

*"What fools these mortals be!"*

# Puck

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## BACK ON THE JOB.

T. R.— Now, Sam, let's get to work!

SAM.— Yes, sir; thank you, sir!



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## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

TOO BAD Richard Harding Davis was busy with New Hampshire politics. He might have settled the Cuban fuss in short order.

"GOD BLESS him and give him wisdom," prayed Colonel Watter-son, introducing Mr. Bryan. "Give him wisdom"! Heavens! he has all there is now.

MY PROGRAMME is not socialism, or radicalism, or extreme of any kind. I call it Amercanism.—*W. R. Hearst.*

Mr. Hearst works the word America and the American flag for every cent there is in it. His only rival is Mr. Cohan, who con- cocts musical hashes for Broadway.

"MAGIANISM, rosicrucianism, gnosticism, occultism, together with Mosaic and Hermetic mysteries, are all flourishing in this country and Europe. Packets, locks of hair, wands, vagaries, fakes and morbid mental states due to these are on all sides. How can mental physicians keep up with the new brain diseases? Superstition is now intensely alive, and all kinds of mind distortion, born in prehistoric and barbarous ages, when men did not know a single law of nature, are rife, even in the shadows of universities and colleges." —*Prof. Larkin of Mount Lome Observatory.*

You might have added to the list, Professor, the Republican campaign "text-book." There are people in this country who actually believe *that* dream-book.

NO DOUBT alcohol *can* be made from corncobs. But there are better uses to which corncobs can be put.

HE [HEARST] had a terrible awakening in 1891 when President McKinley was assassinated.—*James Creelman in Pearson's Magazine.*

The ten-cent panegyrist's do not seem to be any more accurate than the ten-cent muck-rakers.

BANQUO'S GHOST was quiet compared with the question of a third term for President Roosevelt. Petruchio explained that when he said he would die a bachelor he did not think he should live until he was married. Theodore might plead a similar excuse.


IN BETWEEN his other occupations, Mr. Bryan found time to rebuke newspaper editors for occasionally suppressing the truth. For instance, he had been informed, he said, that the editors knew all about life insurance methods years before the facts came out. Quite possible; but Mr. Bryan, nevertheless, rebuked the wrong crew. He should not have blamed the editors, but the business heads of the dailies he referred to, the "safe and sane" gentlemen who represent the owners. The office boy, who is told to say that his employer is not in, would lose his job if he spoke the truth. And so, in many cases, would the editorial writer, when the truth if told would injure the personal interests of the journalist "higher-up."



OH, LISTEN TO THE BAND!



BALLADE OF GRAFT.

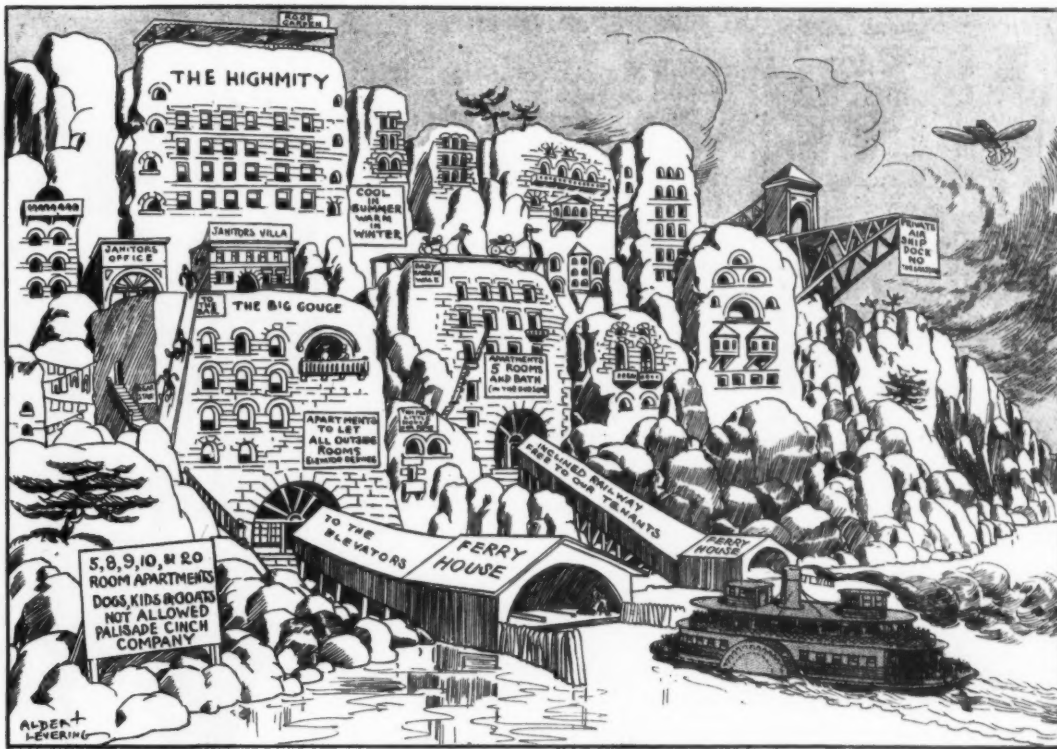

 ISTRUST is in the air.  
 Life is but graft and greed.  
 Get out and grab your share;  
 That is the modern creed,  
 In thought and word and deed,  
 No honesty is seen.  
 I know because I read  
 The ten-cent magazine.

Of politics beware !  
A horde of grafters feed  
Upon the toothsome fare,  
That you and I may need !  
Statesmen are vile, indeed,  
Owned by the Trust Machine.  
I know because I read  
The ten-cent magazine.

Exposure now lays bare  
Each sordid, foul misdeed,  
With journalistic care  
And record-smashing speed.  
A saint seems sly Bill Tweed  
'Side some of modern men;  
I know because I read  
The ten-cent magazine.

I pray you now proceed  
The lines to scan between.  
I know because I read  
The ten-cent magazine.

*Sam S. Stinson.*



## FUTURE OF THE PALISADES.

IT'S A SHAME TO PERMIT SUCH IDEAL APARTMENTS TO REMAIN UNFINISHED.

## BALLOONING.

**B**ALLOONING is rapidly becoming a national pastime. Its great advantage is an abundance of fresh air and freedom from neighbors. It is well before filling your balloon, to test the gas yourself. If it makes you unconscious in five minutes it is O. K.



JUST THE PLACE.

FERDY.—Your father said if I ever asked him for your hand again he would wipe up the street with me!

ETHEL.—Well, I'll tell you what, Ferdy; the next time you ask him, do it at this crossing!

Always start your balloon in an open field. Trees and house-roofs, while ornamental, are useless to carry in a balloon.

Never forget to take along a parachute. Held in one hand, while with the other you puff a fragrant Havana, you can thus descend gracefully and comfortably from any disagreeable height.

In case your balloon breaks down over Hoboken or Brooklyn, do not get rattled. Remember that you may not know it when you light.

Run your hand carefully over the surface of the balloon, to see that no stitches have been lost. Throw overboard everything of value. Use your parachute only when you feel that this is too hard a world to meet without a formal introduction.

Begin slowly. Do not attempt on your first trip to go from New York to Chicago. Take a current of air that is going your way, and travel a few miles



## A SWELL TURN-OUT

Above all things, don't lose your nerve. After you have become an expert, you will be able successfully to borrow money in every large city in the world.

*Tom Masson.*

### HIS METHOD.

CONDUCTOR.—This nickel is no good.  
TOUGH PASSENGER.—Knock it down, den!

CINCHED.

**B**RONSON.—Do you think old Gimper's stenographer will win her breach of promise suit?

GORMLEY.—No doubt of it. She has some extremely endearing epistles addressed to her, signed by Gimper. You know the old man never used to read the letters she handed him to sign.

**P**ossibly the lion and lamb will one day be smitten with commercial enterprise, if not with amity, and lie down together for the gate-receipts.

GEMS FROM HISTORY.



"Why all this needless cruelty?" expostulated the advisers of Nero.

"There 's a reason," said the genial ruler. "I 'll bet a thousand sesterces to a brass oholus that I 'm played up in more historical novels than all the rest of these emperors put together."

Subsequent events proved that the astute Eytalian was right.

They were getting ready to pour the molten gold down Mr. Crassuses throat.

"What are you snivelling about, Crass?" said the barbarian chief, not unkindly.

"Nothing, nothing," sobbed the Roman Rockefeller, "but if mother should ever find out that I had to take the gold cure!"

"Where did you learn the art of war?" asked Darius as Alexander the Great made a bee-line for the Babylonian mint.

"At a correspondence school; it affects the pay envelope," replied the youngster, hurriedly rifling the royal treasury.

"And oh, Leander," said Hero, softly petting her lover's bathing suit, "how do you feel when you are swimming the Hellespont?"

"Just kinda wet and tuckered out," replied Leander, thoughtfully.

This almost commonplace answer teaches us that even a celebrity has his off-days.

"You must learn," said the Persian instructor, "to speak the truth."

"But, please, sir," objected one of the studious lads, "how about military strategy and high finance?"

"Have no fear, my son, after you learn to speak the truth, we give you a special post-graduate course in when to speak it."

The sailors of the galley who had begun to murmur were more than matched by the wily Ulysses.

"Want to go home, do ye?" he roared. "Why, ye miserable swabs, doncha know you 're takin' a personally-conducted mid-winter Mediterranean cruise—health and education combined—all points of interest visited—in charge of oid experienced traveler—pleasant congenial party—references given and required—no extras! Watcha growlin' about?"

The oarsmen now cheered up perceptibly and at the next stop several were observed buying souvenir postal cards.

Horatio Winslow.



OUT.

MRS. MADISON SQUEER.—I suppose, in your Grace's family, there are a number of historic jewels.

HIS GRACE.—Yes, indeed. I must get them out some day and show them to you, by Jove.

MRS. MADISON SQUEER.—Ah, then you still have the tickets?

IN PRINT.

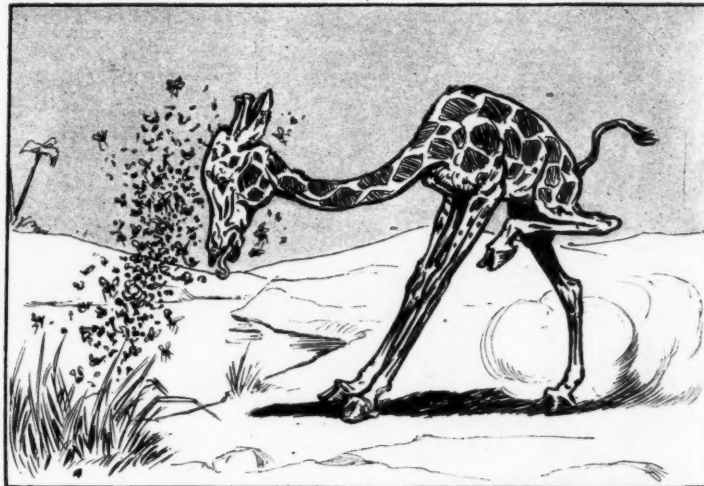
"I HEAR that Boreleigh writes. Has he ever had anything published?"

"Oh, yes; he sent a testimonial letter to a patent medicine concern once."

ANECDOTE OF THE THIRSTY GIRAFFE.

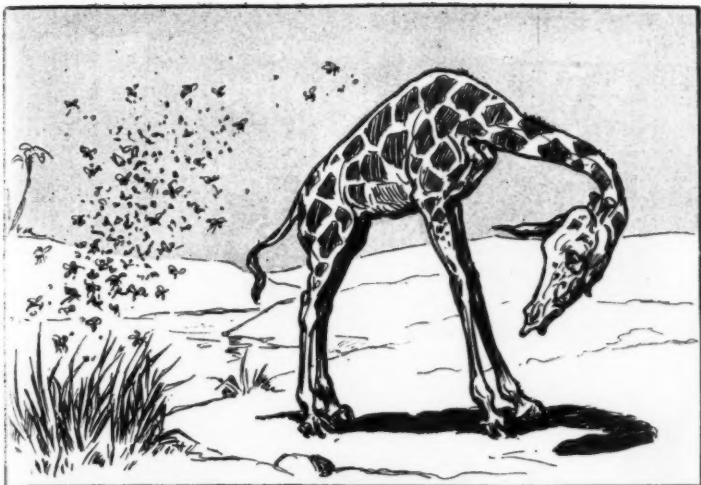


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ANTICIPATION.

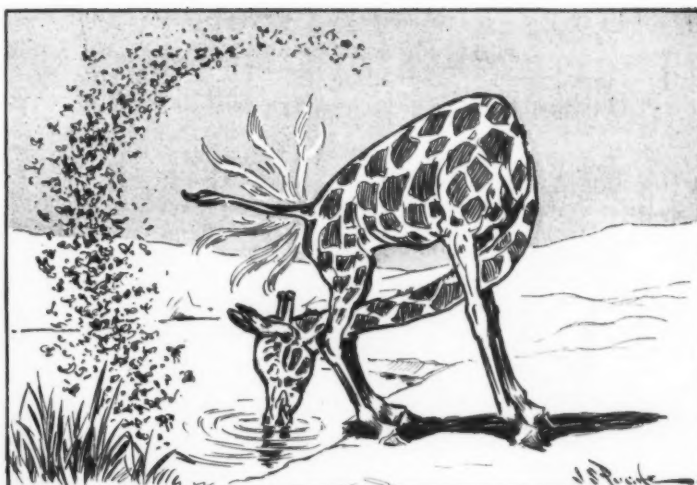


II:  
VEXATION.





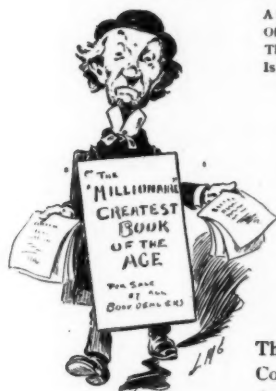
III.  
INSPIRATION.



IV.  
APPLICATION.

TYPES.

WHEN Lowell, Holmes and all the other men  
And women, too, who pushed a gifted pen,  
Were marketing their wares, they sought not show  
Nor coarse publicity; the ads. read so:



A novel that is worth the time  
Of careful readers is "The Gloom;"  
The author, as the custom goes,  
Is hidden by a *nom de plume*.

The years passed by and geniuses sprang up,  
All fighting for a draught from Fortune's cup;  
The pen name vanished and the bait for us  
Was more alluring, they had fixed it thus:

The most successful book to-day  
Is "OLD SI TUBBS," by Clarence Rant—  
'T is so absorbing, human, weird,  
'T will make the reader fairly pant!

The present time brings forth stupendous things:  
Come, see the printer, as he blackly sings—  
Aye, redly, bluey—illustrated lays  
In grown-up type like this, because it pays:

WILL SLUSHER'S  
"Dear Divorce for Her"

Comes out next week, and now  
It looks as if 't would sell  
The very best of  
all the Six

BEST SELLING BOOKS!

Charles R. Burnes.

MARKED SUPERIORITY.

"WHO was the best man?" inquired the able editor of  
the Polkville (Ark.) *Weekly Clarion*.

"Well, I reckon, all things considered, the groom  
was," replied Mr. Lab Juckett, from out at 'Possum Trot,  
who had percolated into the sanctum with the news of  
a wedding which had been solemnized in his bailiwick  
upon the previous evening.

"The groom?" repeated the scribe, in some sur-  
prise.

"Er-yah!—or, 'tennyrate, that's the way he 'peared  
to me. He got the bride's father so drunk, before the  
ceremony, that the old gentleman had to stay hid in the hay-mow  
all night and was seeing green dogs and such like, when I came by  
this morning. The groom also throwed the bride's two brothers  
out of the window for objecting to their sister's flinging herself  
away on him, and talked her mother to a gasping standstill when

she sorter started in to remonstrate with him—and she's never been  
what you'd call an unable lady, that-a-way, herself. Yep!—look-  
ing the gent up on one side and down on the other, I shorely reckon  
the groom was the best man present upon that interesting occasion."

IN MURDERERS' ROW.

FIRST MURDERER (*tearing his hair*).—I shall go mad!  
SECOND MURDERER.—What's the matter, old man?  
"Matter? Matter enough. I've no show of being acquitted  
unless I'm proved insane, and here the prosecution has gone and  
retained all the alienists whose testimony will have any weight."  
"Well, if that's so, what's the use of going mad?"

THE SPORT OF UNCROWNED KINGS.

HE thinks he's quite a lady-killer."  
"Pooh! He could n't kill a chicken, with that machine."



BOHEMIAN RATES.

VAN DAUBER.—How much do you pay a week for your board and  
room?

SCRIBBLER.—Well, some expressmen charge me a dollar and some  
seventy-five cents.

If it is true that white shoes make a woman's feet look big, the theologians  
have good reason for insisting that there are no woman angels.

THE PUBLIC TASTE.

THE Great Publisher with stone-cold feet sat viewing the young author.

That is, the Great Publisher was viewing him at the usual distance considered safe for young, unknown authors. One time a young author was burned to death by getting too close to Effulgence.

There were three glass doors and a phalanx of underlings and minions betwixt the author and the Great Publisher.

Even from his far bench on the outskirts of the counting-room, the young author could see the Great Publisher monkeying with his manuscript, and turning down the corners, and biting the edges gloomily. The MS. stood a show of looking like Thunder, in the course of time.

At length there was a rasping, gurgling, portentous sound. Save for the three glass doors, the young author would have sworn somebody had dropped dead. He could really see plainly that all were living, the glass

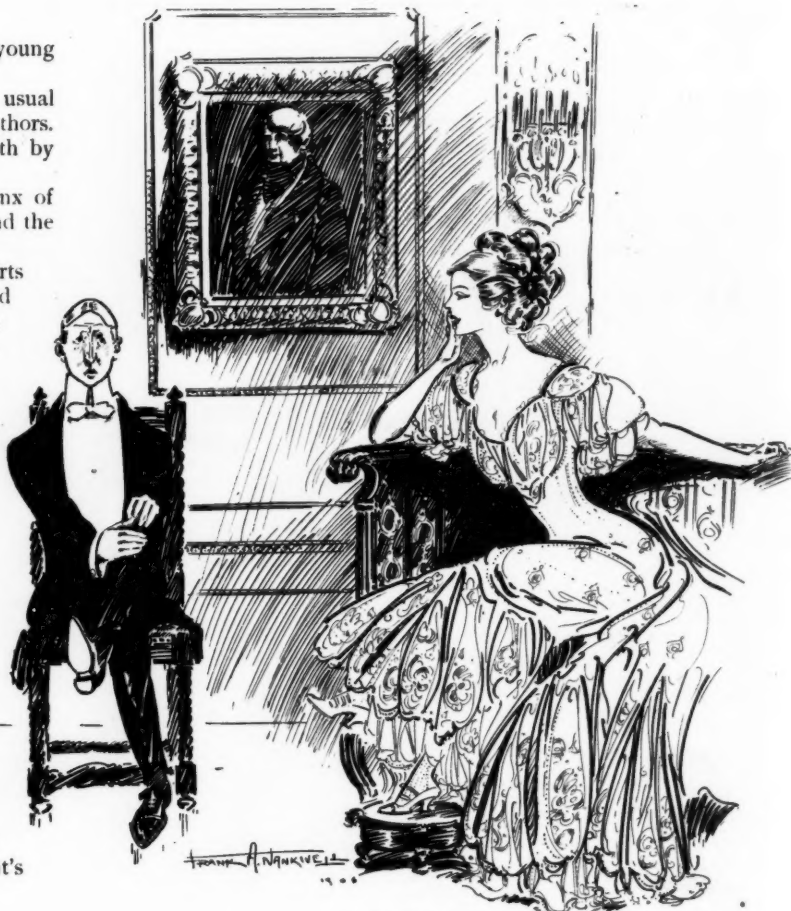
being of the transparent variety. The minions and underlings gave way to a chief among them, who presently bore a message from the Great Publisher.

The author received same in this form:

"President Goramity says it's against the policy of the firm to publish anything people can understand. Your story does n't read like a study in Psychology or Hindooism or Hoodooism or Divorce, or Divorce or Loot or Pip or anything Occult. We can't publish it. You see you have no name, and it is entirely impossible to sell a new book unless the author has a name, because the reading public are afraid it might be a horse on them. These are the President's words, sir."



AN EARLY FALL.

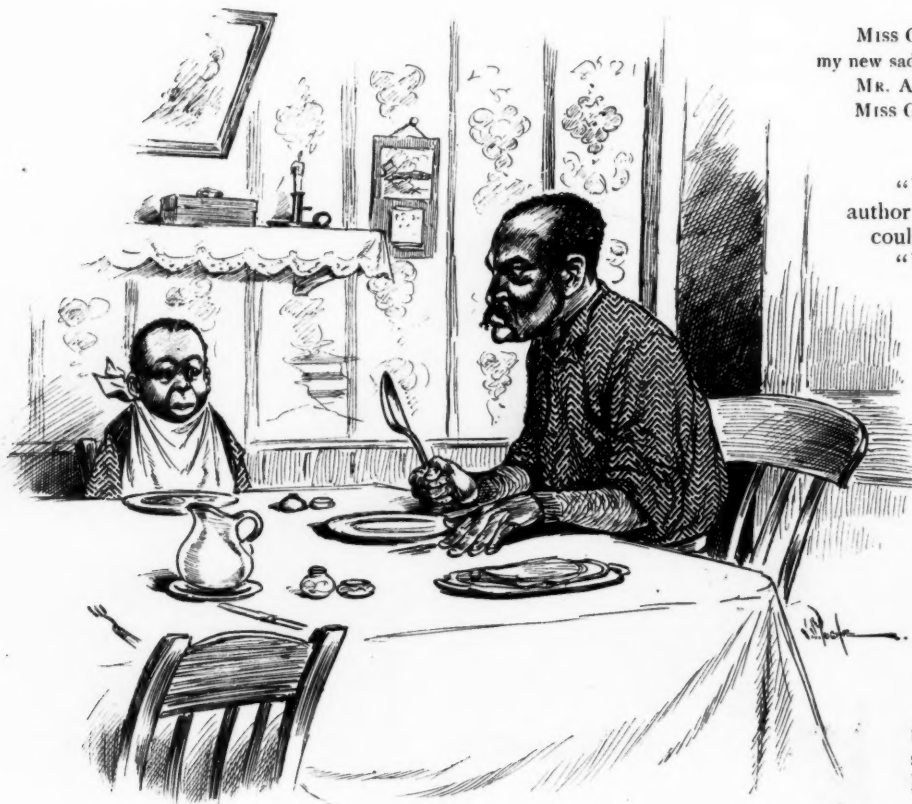


HE WENT.

MISS GAYSETT (after every other means has failed).—I've named my new saddle horse after you, Mr. Ankerd.

MR. ANKERD.—Hah—Ah—deuced flattered—really—

MISS GAYSETT.—Yes; it's so dreadfully hard to make him go.



UNREASONABLE.

LITTLE CLAUD BROWNBACK.—Gimme some 'lasses!

PAPA BROWNBACK (reprovingly).—Yo' ortuh be mo' grammatic, mah son! Don't say 'lasses; say molasses.

LITTLE CLAUD BROWNBACK.—How's I gwine to say mo' lasses, Poppy, when I is n't had none a-tall yit?

"Yes, yes, I understand," wearily said the young, unknown author; "but why the discrimination against a story the public could understand?"

"Well, sir, our experience in that line has been so limited I really could n't say. We never published anything like that in the history of the house, sir."

"Oh," said the young, unknown author. He rose to go, shivering slightly.

"Here's your manuscript, sir," said the underling, politely.

The author waved him back. "Keep it in your safe for a curio," he said; "you can exhibit it at the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the firm—that occurs in another century; does it not?"

"I'll ask President Goramity, sir. Perhaps—"

"Oh, no, don't trouble him," said the author, gazing through the three glass doors; "I see he's gone to sleep again."

"He'll wake up at the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the firm, sir—He always does—He—"

"That will be time enough; time enough. By that time the present Public will all be dead and he can spring some more manuscripts from the Occult barrel. Farewell."

Fred Ladd.

UNSPEAKABLE.

FROM 8 o'clock till 12, and past,  
All silently they sat,—  
Two souls with but a single thought,  
And they were wrapped in that.

When money does not talk too much it may properly be termed a modest sum.





THINGS THAT HIT OUR FUNNY BONE.

I.  
MR. TINKERER.—There! Beat  
that shine if you can!

II.  
CHORUS OF BOOTBLACKS.—Shine, Boss! Shine! Make  
'em so you kin see yer face in 'em! Shine!

## September Sauce.

MODEST BILL.

[If a man is popular in the Republican party because he does something spasmodically along Democratic lines, what would be the popularity of the man who does something and has always been a Democrat?—W. J. Bryan.]



Who planned the Rate Bill?  
"I," said Bill B.  
"Put that down to me,  
I planned the Rate Bill."

Who walloped the Trusts?  
"I," said Bill B.  
"Armed cap-a-pie,  
I walloped the Trusts."

Who stopped the Russ-Jap war?  
"I," said Bill B.  
"One word from me.  
I stopped the war."

Who fixed the Coal Strike?  
"I," said Bill B.  
"I made 'em agree.  
I fixed the Coal Strike."

Who is the wisest, the most far-seeing, the  
safest, the sanest and the most popular  
statesman in this or any other land?  
"I," said the Peerless  
And utterly fearless,  
"I'm all of that, and then some."

The unrest in Russia continues. Cuba is still fermenting. American politics are seething. But—tush!—get off the wire! Paquin, the Paris dress carpenter, begs to inform the world that hereafter his waistbands will be "white ground with pink letters."

Democracy has resolved that the principles of the party require "opposition to protectionism, socialism and imperialism." Come to think about it, that comes pretty near being democracy, does n't it?

Sir James Crichton-Brown of Lunnon alleges that the times are bilious. So? Thought they were out of joint.

Now that the Northwest Passage has been achieved it seems to be a white elephant on our hands. Can't it be put to some political use?

The Central Labor Union of Philadelphia, which wishes to unionize the public schools of the Quaker City, asserts that at present the schools are nurseries for "scabs." Well, they always will be, so long as the authorities insist on vaccinating the children.

Prof. Ernest Bradford Smith of the University of Pennsylvania has changed his name to Ernest Smith Bradford. Regards to Ernest Thompson-Seton. Mr. Bunny Tail-Cotton please write.

B. L. T.

### LOOKING BACK AT US.

JUST what privacy was, antiquarians are unable to make out, with certainty. Some think it was a game, played by the ancients, in their lighter moments. Others decline to accept this theory, on the ground that literary remains speak of business men seeking privacy, as if it were something to drink. Still

others put forward the suggestion that it may have been an animal, since it was found in the mountains, possibly an amphibious animal, for there is mention of its having been met with, though rarely, at the seashore.

Among the more daring investigators, there is a growing tendency to connect privacy with the simple life, which is now known to have been a part of the mythology of the twentieth century. The fact that most everybody was bored by privacy would certainly seem to give it a religious color, and if it was not a rite, or ceremony, of some kind, what, we may well ask, was it?

### SERIOUSNESS.

MAMMA.—Do you think young Mr. Skeems, who is in the parlor now with Ida, has serious intentions?

PAPA.—Yes,—confound him!—I think he is figuring on living with us after the wedding.



CRASH!

MR. MICROBE.—Great Bacteria, but you're a sight! What hit you? An auto?

MR. GERM.—Worse than that. Like a darn chump, I was fooling around on a girl's lip the night her fiancé called.



In the Sunny South.



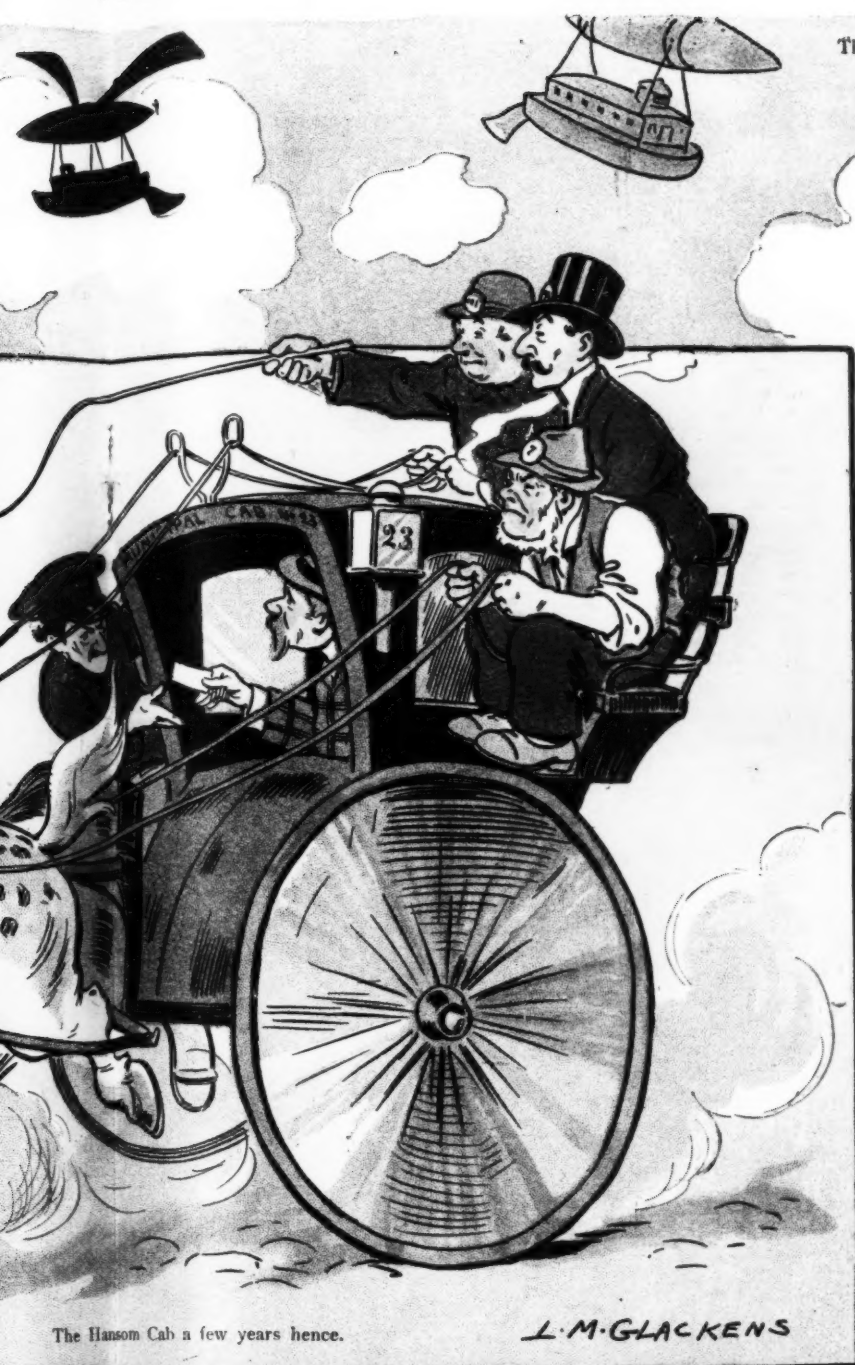
The Hansom Cab a



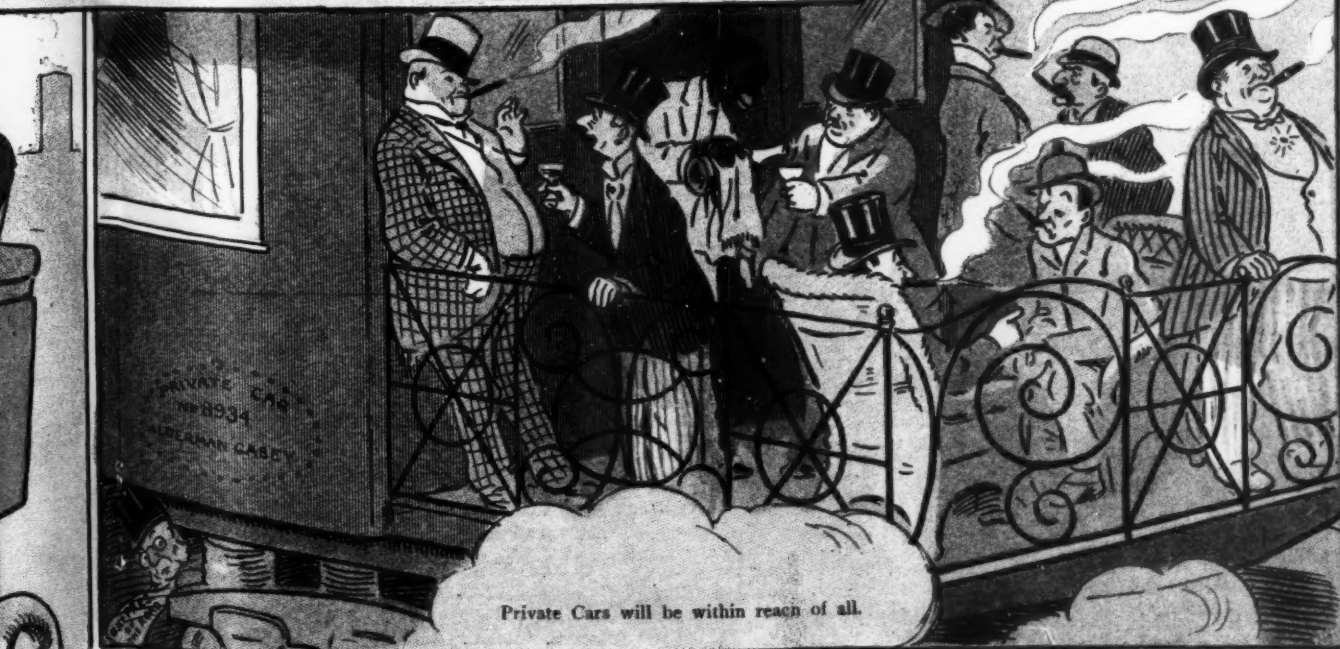
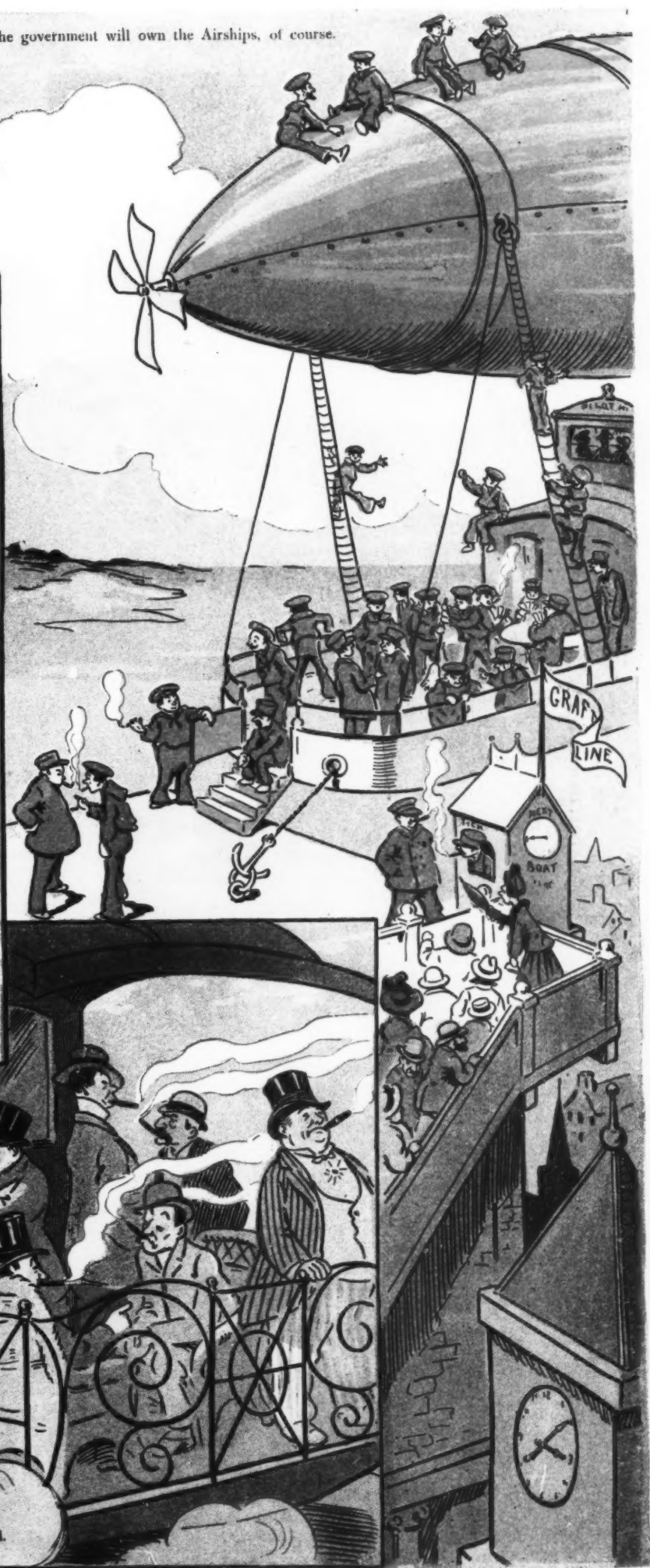
Such a lot of jobs  
there will be for  
"the faithful."

THE PUCK PRESS





The government will own the Airships, of course.





FOR PROSPECTIVE FLAT-DWELLERS.

EVERY CONSIDERATE REAL ESTATE AGENT SHOULD EQUIP HIS OFFICE WITH A NOISERY.

THE ROBBERY.



STOLE a sunlit day from Time and spent it,  
I purchased happiness and joy profound,  
A thief I was and yet did not repent it,  
Time should not leave possessions laying 'round.

The happiness and joy I shared with Dolly;  
And when I'd spent all my ill-gotten pelf  
Time called me to account for all my folly:  
"You fool," said he, "you've only robbed yourself!"

Charles E. Nettleton.

PRECAUTION.

THE young man had risen promptly and was bowing the old lady to his seat. But the old lady hesitated. "Do I look eccentric to you?" she asked, severely. "Not at all," replied the young man. "Or worth twenty-five thousand dollars?" "Oh, no." "Or as if I should go straight home and alter my will in your favor?" "I assure you such a thought never entered my head." The old lady took the seat. "Thank you," she said. "I'm right glad of a chance to sit down, but I don't want any misunderstanding about it." As for the young man, he went out on the platform and lit a cigarette, and talked about chivalry with the conductor, and they both agreed that it had had its day.

MAN is hardly more able than any other animal to overrule the instincts which God has put in him, but he alone of all animals is able to distrust them and carp at them, and by that he becomes the one moral being.

GOOD FORM.

THE wedding service prescribes nothing for the bride's father to say, but if he insists on uttering a check no objection should be made, for it is quite usual to indulge a considerable play of the emotions."



COURTSHIP.

"You are so different from the others, dear; that's why I love you."



MARRIAGE.

"You women are all alike—can't reason—can't think—can't see a man's point of view. I always knew it—that's why I don't argue."





TRUE TO TRADITION.

"Was n't the play perfectly lovely?" exclaimed Mrs. Jenks.  
 "Oh, I dunno," said Mrs. Stebbins. "They did n't hev any saw-mill, the villyan's moustache wa'n't anywhere near as black and curly as I've seen 'em, and you can't tell me that the water under the bridge in Act Three was real."

THE REV. EBEN SNOWBALL ELUCIDATES.

**M**AH BREDDUN AN' SISTAHS! Befo' Ah 'tempts tuh 'lucidate any pacific po'tion ob de scripchuhs dis mawnin', Ah imposes tuh clahify mah systum ob a few sentinels on de race queschn which is agervatin' de entire lenf an' breadf ob dis land ob de free-thinkeh an' de home ob de slabe-dribeh.



As to de diffunce in de tint, Ah ain't got nuffin' tuh say. Ah hain't no aht critic, an' don't impose tuh parse on de culluh schemes ob de great Mastah Ahtist ob dem all. Ah did n't hab nuffin' tuh do wid regyahd tuh selectin' de hue ob mah cu-tickle, an' neideh did de w'ite folkses. Ah ain' sayin' dat ef Ah had been insulted bouten' de job Ah wuddent hab ast foh er leetle bit skarser sprinklin' ob coal-dust dan Ah now hab friscoed ober mah anatomizeh, an' Ah hain't sayin' dat Ah wud. Ah do say, howebah, dat Ah see a grea-a-a-at numbeh—halleluyer!—ob de w'ite folkses makin' hase tuh de drug-stoahs a-buyin' dis an' a-buyin' dat foh tuh change dey own facial char-ack-terifsticks. Ah do, so.

Hit do seem lak de w'ite folkses ah a turbie sight hahdeh tuh please in de matteh ob culluh dan de brack man. De w'ite wumman say:

"Bress Gawd Ah ain' brack! But Gawd' knows Ah ain' satiated wid de cullah He done gimme, an' Ah'll do all Ah kin fo' tuh make hit diffunt."

Dat what she do. An' when Ah see huh a-strainin' foh tuh see huhself in de glass windels ob de stoahs as she go by, an' when Ah heah huh astin' huh husmun', "Honey, did Ah done got it on even?", or "Does de powdeh show on mah nose?", Ah hain't sayin' but dat Ah has muh moments ob t'anksgibin' dat Ah nebbah did t'ink mahse'f appertizin' tuh de human eye dat am hongry foh de sight ob a ripenin' peach.

But as Ah say, breddun an' sistuhs, we done nebbah had nuffin' tuh say wheddeh we w'ite, wheddeh we brack. So we-all hain't got no call tuh go a-braggin' bouten' what we-all hain't had no sohteh han' in. Hit's sho' am mahty poah tas'e on de paht ob de hippo-nocerus t' be a-gratulatin' hissef dat he ain' a skunk. De good

lawd jes' happened t' hab enuff skunks when He make dat hipponocerus, udderwise He make one mo' skunk, an' dat braggin' hippo-nocerus wud 'a' ben hit.

An' nuddeh idee, breddun an' sistehs, befo' Ah asts Bruddehs Hennery Moon an' Gin-fizz Whitehead foh tuh lif' de offehin': Heaham uh grea-a-at consolidation foh us po' brack people: If dat man Dahwin should be a speakeh ob de true wuhd, an' if de human fambly done stahted fum de monkey; an' if ebbah de human fambly got los' on de road, a whole lot ob us cullud folks wud hab easy wuk fin'in' ouah way back to de stahtin'-place agin. Bruddeh Slippy Sampson will now staht dat familyah hymn "Ah lub tuh steal awhile", an' de conflagration will jine in.

Strickland W. Gillilan.



THE EARLY BIRD.

MRS. HOMEBODY (*engaging cook*).—Very well, then;—you may come to-morrow at ten!

COOK.—Oi'd sooner come at eight, mum. Thin if Oi don't loike th' place Oi can lave in toime for the matinay.

**In the United States, fortunately, practically all the Republicans are democrats and all the Democrats are republicans.**

The Choice of all Who Know the Best



"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

## Garrick Club

Rye Whiskey

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia

Wilson—

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each & every bottle—  
See back label!

That's All!

RESIGNED.

This legislative joke is on the rounds again:

"Who'd have thought we'd live to see our boy in the legislature?" said the old man.

"Nobody," said the old lady; "but—the Lord's will be done!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The million-dollar collection of jewels belonging to the late Mrs. Stanford is to be sold. What a chance that is for some Pittsburg millionaire to fit out a lady friend in the chorus.—*Washington Post.*

### THE BACHELOR'S CHILD.

He tosses her above his head,  
He rombs until his face is red,  
He holds her arm's-length just to see  
The wonder of her witchery;  
He talks in language soft and slow  
That only little babies know,  
He pauses now and then to gaze  
Far off, as if 't were in a maze.  
And then with sudden sigh and start  
He presses her unto his heart.

He sits her highness on his knees  
And hums her nursery melodies.  
He shakes her rattle, jingles bells,  
And, oh, such wondrous stories tells;  
He lifts her little face to lay  
Its softness on its own, and play  
Her dimples were the deeps wherein  
A thousand drops of dew had been  
And with his lips upon the brink  
He'd lean to them to kiss and drink.

He lets her sink upon his breast,  
He sings her little lays of rest,  
And when her little eyes are closed  
And all her baby grace reposed,  
He sits beside her little cot  
Thinking of things so long forgot,  
So far adown the long ago  
Wherefrom the tender echoes flow  
Of songs he heard, of gay love-rhyme.  
On lips whose roses fade betime.

Be still—the shadows fill his room!  
A wrinkled, lonely bachelor's doom  
To yearn for things that passed him by,  
To hold the memory of a sigh,  
To glimpse the shadow of a face  
Once sunbright with its girlish grace,  
To toss in play and sing to sleep,  
When all the lonely shadows creep  
And o'er his heart a figure gleams—  
The little baby of his dreams!

—*Baltimore Sun.*

## BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetiser and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

**JOHN JAMESON**  
THREE STAR  
WHISKEY  
Representative of the  
spirit that puts qual-  
ity before cost.

NOT LIKELY TO BE AROUND.

MR. SOCIÉTÉ.—Are you not going to call on the bride?

MRS. SOCIÉTÉ.—I would be perfectly willing to call on her, but I don't want to meet her husband.

"Oh, I guess there's no danger of meeting him. They've been married six weeks."—*New York Weekly.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS  
PAPER WAREHOUSE,  
22, 24 and 26 Bleeker Street.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Bookman Street. NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

ALL-SUFFICIENT.

"If that French count is going to visit you, don't you think you'd better take a few French lessons?" inquired Jenks.

"Oh, I'm fixed," replied Nuritch; "I've learned how to say 'Sorry, but I never lend any money.'"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish  
**Bar Keeper's Friend**  
taste, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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HE WAS TOLD SHE'D BE DOWN IN A MINUTE.

By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 19 1/2 x 15 in.

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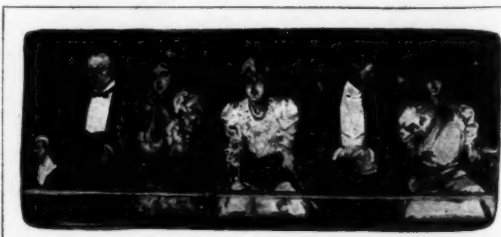
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By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 19 1/2 x 15 in.

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THE LOVE SCENE.

By Gordon H. Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



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BY MATURITY, IN  
ABSOLUTE PURITY

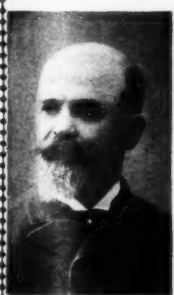
# HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

OBTAINS ITS  
SUPERB BOUQUET



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W. L. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



CHEW...  
**Beeman's**  
THE ORIGINAL  
**Pepsin**  
**Gum**  
Cures Indigestion and  
Sea-sickness.  
All Others are Imitations.  
For Sale at Every Drug Store

## A WAIL FROM BILLVILLE.

They've gone an' cut de free pass out  
o'er all the land so wide,  
An' now the Billville brethren must  
flash the cash to ride!  
It brings up sad reflections—that's  
jest the word I say!  
When yer mother-in-law is comin', how  
will you git away?

They've gone an' cut the free pass out  
—a-thinkin' they wuz wise,  
An' we've got no arithmetic fer countin'  
railroad ties!  
When our creditors are comin'—alas!  
where kin we roam?  
Can't leave behind that message:  
"Called suddenly from home!"

It's "stay at home," I reckon—jest  
all that we kin choose;  
Unless the railroads turn about an'  
furnish us with shoes!  
Fer the walkin' 's mighty rocky—an'  
I s'pose we'll have to pray  
Fer a hurricane to help us when we've  
got to git away!

—Atlanta Constitution.

## DOUBT.

If you see it on the label it is so;  
What the Government insists on's  
bound to go;  
Yet mem'ry, as we scan  
The contents of the can,  
May make us somewhat squeamish,  
don't you know.

—Indianapolis News.

## ANYTHING BUT A JOKE.

"These alleged jokes about the sum-  
mer girl who gets engaged just for fun,"  
remarked the sad-eyed passenger as he  
let a comic weekly fall to the floor of  
the car, "make me real weary."

"What's the answer?" queried the  
hardware drummer, glancing up from  
the pocket bible he was perusing.

"I met that kind of a girl last sum-  
mer," explained the sad-eyed party,  
"and thinking the joke compilers knew  
their business I got engaged to her."

"Well," said the h. d. as the other  
paused to light his pipe.

"But instead of acting according to  
the dope sheet," continued he of the  
sad optics, "she jumped the hurdle and  
married me about the time the leaves  
began to turn."—Chicago Daily News.

## UNCEASING.

The sinner's art is still disclosed,  
As he outwits his brother.  
One flim-flam game is scarce exposed  
Before they start another.

—Washington Star.

## PAY IN VEGETABLES.

FOOTE LIGHTS.—You say he takes  
the part of a country editor in the new  
play?"

MISS SUE BRETTE.—Yes.

FOOTE LIGHTS.—And does he get  
his money promptly?

MISS SUE BRETTE.—Well, he gets  
all that's coming to him in the way of  
vegetables.—Yonkers Statesman.

## PHILOSOPHY.

SERVANT.—Oh, please, sir, your  
daughter has eloped with the coach-  
man.

MR. HIGHLIVER.—Well, it might  
have been worse. She might have run  
off with my French cook.—N. Y. Weekly.

## A Club Cocktail IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT

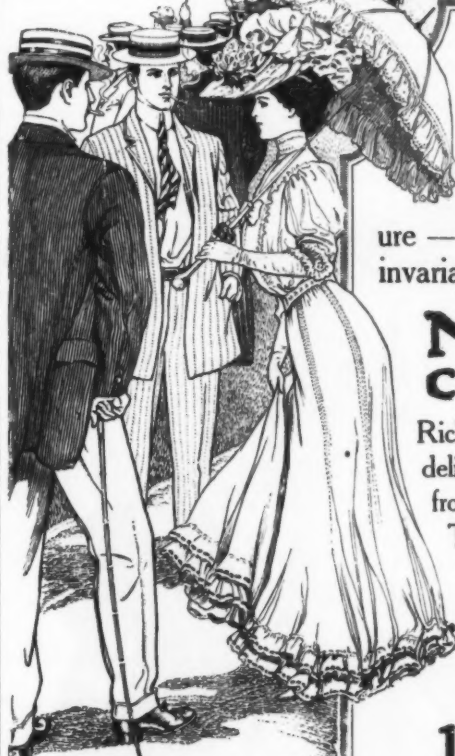
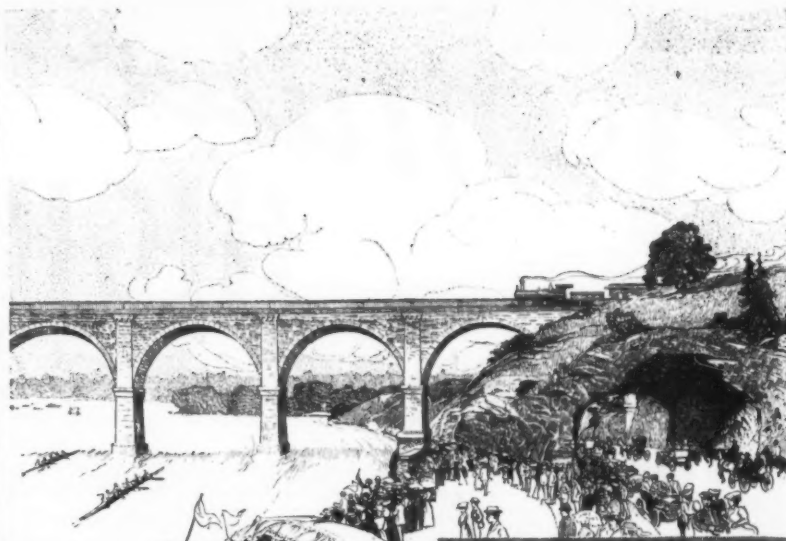


## The Perfect Drink for Summer Outings

A cool, refreshing and stimulating delight  
for the picnic in the woods—the automo-  
bile party—all outdoor sports. CLUB  
COCKTAILS are exquisitely blended from  
choicest liquors, aged and mellowed to  
delicious taste, flavor and aroma. A  
CLUB COCKTAIL is a scientifically equal  
and uniform cocktail—not a slap-dash mix-  
ture of doubtful liquors. Strain through  
cracked ice and serve.

Seven varieties—each one delicious.  
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Wherever enjoyment  
is at its height—wher-  
ever bright sunshine  
and good sport attract  
the devotees of pleas-  
ure—time and occasion  
invariably call for

## MURAD CIGARETTES

Rich in the exquisite flavor and  
delicate aroma that come only  
from the finest growths of  
Turkish tobacco, the origi-  
nality of the blend has won  
for the Murad the greatest  
favor among discriminat-  
ing smokers.

10 for 15c

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer  
111 Fifth Avenue, New York

River Drive  
Fairmount Park,  
Philadelphia

## WHAT THE THUNDER SAID.

'Way up in de cloud lan'  
What de 'Thunder say?  
"I'll give dat worl' a shakin'  
Fer gwine on dat way."

En what de worl' make answer?  
"I know dem ways er his;  
He one er dem ol' growlers  
En dat des all he is!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

## A TIRED SKELETON.

LIVING SKELETON (only one in America, at dime museum).—These folks  
make me tired.

SYMPATHETIC VISITOR.—In what way?

"Here I am earning five hundred dollars a week as the greatest living  
skeleton, yet hour after hour, day in an' day out, one old woman after another  
stops an' chins an' chins at me about the things I ought to eat to get fat."—  
New York Weekly.

## COMPENSATION.

"What do you think of spelling reform?"

"Well," answered the old-fashioned citizen, "it puts something of a damper  
on the spelling school, but it will provide a new subject for the debating society."  
—Washington Star.

## FOR THE GANG.

"Well," said the man who was seeking a nomination, "I can promise you  
I would administer the office with temperate honesty."

"What do you mean by 'temperate honesty?'" demanded the machine  
leader.

"I mean," replied the other, with a wink, "that I would n't practise  
honesty to excess."—Catholic Standard and Times.



# Miller HIGH LIFE

## The Champagne of Bottle BEER

Miller "High-Life" Beer has that rich, pure and pleasing taste called the "MILLER TASTE" gained by perfection in brewing.

Cleanliness and Purity are our strong points and are very essential in beer making.

We spend large sums annually in this direction, our experience being of sixty years' standing.

Our Malt and Hops are the very best money can buy and the best obtainable on the world's markets and are selected by expert brew-masters.

We filter all our beer and sterilize every bottle before it leaves our brewery.

The reason Miller Beer is so much better than other beer is in the way it's brewed.

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDOT COMPANY, Distributors, 135-137-139 West 42d St., New York.

# MILWAUKEE

### SOME DAY

He's not at all distinguished, but  
You want to wait awhile and see  
When once that fellow leaves the rut  
There's nothing that he could n't be.  
He's in a rather humble place,  
But that's not where he means to stay.  
He means to strike a swifter pace  
And move up to the front — some day.

Just now he has n't had his chance  
To show the world what he can do.  
There's so much adverse circumstance  
To keep his plans from going through.  
But time will bring his opening  
And clear the obstacles away.  
He's merely crouching for the spring.  
You'll see what he will do — some day.

He's getting past the flush of youth.  
At times we think he's lacking steam —  
Some people say, to tell the truth,  
He's less disposed to do than dream.  
But he has faith that's fresh and green,  
Although his head is getting gray.  
His hope's sublime, his faith's serene,  
He means to do a lot — some day.

—Atlanta Constitution.

### PERPETUAL BOMBARDMENT.

"You would n't resign under fire would you?" asked the Czar.

"In the present state of affairs," answered the official; "there is no other way to resign." —Washington Star.



### SHOW.

THE BALLET DANCER. — Some day I hope to become a show girl.  
THE OLD PERSON. — Hum! It strikes me that you are doing pretty well in that way already.

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

### A BIT FEARFUL.

"How shall we treat our critics?" asked the theatrical manager.  
"Well, for gracious sakes! Don't give them five-cent cigars!" replied the leading man. —Yonkers Statesman.

ALICE. — Were you introduced to him the first time you saw him?

DOLLY. — No. The first time I saw him was when the car lurched, as I was standing up, and I sat down in his lap. —Somerville Journal.

## Penalty 1000 Dollars

and imprisonment for not more than two years is imposed by the United States on any person who shall re-use or refill a bottle of our Rye or Bourbon Whiskey without removing and destroying the United States Treasury Department's Green Stamp.

## Sunny Brook

### STRAIGHT Whiskey

### BOTTLED IN BOND

Is bottled in its pure, honest, natural state according to the law passed by U. S. Congress and signed by the President (March 3d, 1897). The U. S. Treasury Dept's Green Stamp seals every bottle of Sunny Brook which proves that it is bottled and sealed under the direct supervision of Gov't Officials. Sunny Brook is the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair. For sale everywhere.

**SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.**

### WANTED A CHANGE.

"Yes," said Stormington Barns, "I'm going to retire to private life."  
"You'll be missed when you leave the stage," rejoined his friend, Walker Ties.

"That's just the reason I'm going to retire," explained Mr. Barns: "I'm tired of being hit." —Chicago Daily News.

### CHEAPER.

MRS. BACON. — I see it takes fifty of the Chinese edible birds' nests to weigh a pound, and the price per pound is about \$40.

MR. BACON. — Oh, well, I guess we'll have to stick to canned meats, after all. —Yonkers Statesman.



"Begin Right, End Right, Are Right in the Middle." — NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.



The Most Popular  
After-Dinner  
Speech:

"GIVE ME A  
CLASS OF  
Liqueur  
Eaglette!"



THE SUPREME AFTER-  
DINNER CORDIAL

Eagle Liqueur Distilleries  
RHEINSTROM BROS.  
Cincinnati, U. S. A

#### STUDY.

YEAST.—A palmist tells you things  
by studying your hand."

CRIMSONBEAK.—And a poker-player  
tells your hand by studying your face.  
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

#### QUITE POSSIBLE.

"I see by the papers," remarked  
Luschman, "a certain doctor claims  
that the bite of a mosquito may lead  
to paralysis."

"Well," remarked the temperance  
crank, "I can readily believe that a  
mosquito might become paralyzed by  
biting some people I know." — *Phila-  
delphia Ledger*.

#### GOOD IDEA.

"I have many beautiful thoughts,"  
said the long-haired boarder, who  
imagines he is a born poet, "that I  
propose to give to the public in the  
near future."

"That's a good idea, young man,"  
growled the fussy bachelor. "It's a  
cinch you could never induce the  
public to buy them." — *Chicago Daily  
News*.



Aged and  
Respected

With character and merit. The  
spirit of Kentucky hospitality; the  
essence of good cheer. The best  
whiskey for all uses. Gold medals  
at New Orleans, 1885; Chicago,  
1893; Paris, 1900, and Grand  
Prize, highest award, at World's  
Fair, St. Louis. Sold by leading  
dealers everywhere.

#### FOXY HUSBAND.

MISS RUSH.—I've never made a dollar in my life. Have you?  
MRS. FLUSH.—Yes, indeed; I make lots of money. My husband gives  
me five dollars for every singing lesson I don't take. — *Detroit Free Press*.

#### WASTE.

"What is the use of wasting your vote on a candidate who can't be  
elected."

"Well," answered Farmer Cornlossel, "when I vote for a candidate who  
gets elected he does n't do what was mapped out for him. The vote's liable  
to be wasted anyhow." — *Washington Star*.

## ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

writes in the September issue of *McClure's Magazine* on

## "My Conversion to Life Insurance"

of which the following is an excerpt

"For a first confident matter, I discovered that Life Insurance has been  
brought to a science. Every chance has been measured and accounted for;  
every last possibility eliminated of the company breaking down. The process of  
Life Insurance, as practiced by The Prudential for example, is mathematically  
exact, and as certain in its results as two and two are of making four. Given  
a policy plus death, the death-loss is paid, and that promptly.

True, my doubtful friend, all things of this world are liable to fail or to  
fade. Crowns rust, thrones decay, and the sponge of time wipes nations from  
the map. And yet, as men use the word, such companies as The Prudential are  
sure; since they found themselves on investments that are as the blood and  
sinew of the country. The government must fall before they fall; and the  
policies they issue, and the promises they make, have all the vital enduring  
qualities of a government bond.

The Prudential, that Gibraltar of Life Insurance, attracted me. I had heard  
it best spoken of. Besides, its controlling spirit was Senator Dryden — whose in-  
telligence had been its architect, just as his integrity was and is its corner-stone."

This article, a most interesting and valuable exposition of Life  
Insurance, should be read from start to finish. A copy of it will be  
sent free of charge to any reader of this publication who will write the  
Company

## The Prudential

issues all desirable plans of Life Insurance  
suitable for varying conditions and at  
reasonable premium rates

PROTECTION  
SECURITY AND  
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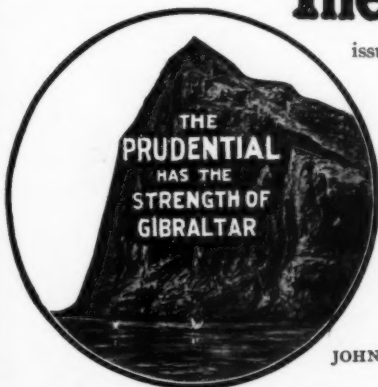
Write now to Dept. P.

THE PRUDENTIAL  
Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the  
State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN  
President

HOME OFFICE  
NEWARK, N. J.



#### GOOD CAUSE.

THE COOK.—An' it's goin' to lave yez are?

THE UPSTAIRS GIRL.—Yes, I am. The Mistress gained so  
much weight during the summer that I can't wear any of her clothes.

A glass of soda and a tablespoonful of Abbott's  
Angostura Bitters make a pleasing drink and act as  
a tonic.

#### EVANS SETTLES IT.

It is unnecessary to "stand it up  
to settle;" it is "settled" before  
you get it. There is no sediment  
in Evans' Ale—that's why.

#### DON'T TRUST TO LUCK.

The only ale that is always fit  
to drink and the only ale that is  
always ready is Evans'.

#### WHY EVANS'?

Mellow as old wine, clear as crys-  
tal, sparkling with brilliancy, and  
crowned with a froth-like cream.

ANOTHER GOOD THING ABOUT  
EVANS'.

To the science of brewing is  
added the perfected art of bottling.

A FULL GRAVITY ALE—EVANS'.

Made from the legitimate ma-  
terials of malt, hops and purest  
spring water.

#### THEY BUILD TO SELL.

Some men "build better than they  
know,"

Because they are unskilled.

Most building operators, though.

Know better than they build.

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

#### NO BIRCH RODS NOW.

"The road to knowledge, nowadays,"  
said the first old schoolmaster, "is too  
swift and too easy. It's a regular  
railroad."

"Yes," agreed the other old peda-  
gogue, "and it's a railroad with fewer  
switches than are necessary." — *Phila-  
delphia Ledger*.

#### RELIEF FUND.

SOLICITOR.—Excuse me, sir, but I  
am soliciting subscriptions to our church  
relief fund.

GOODWIN.—Um—yes. What is  
the money to be used for?

SOLICITOR.—To send our minister  
away for a few weeks and give the  
congregation a much-needed rest. —  
*Chicago Daily News*.

## Pears'

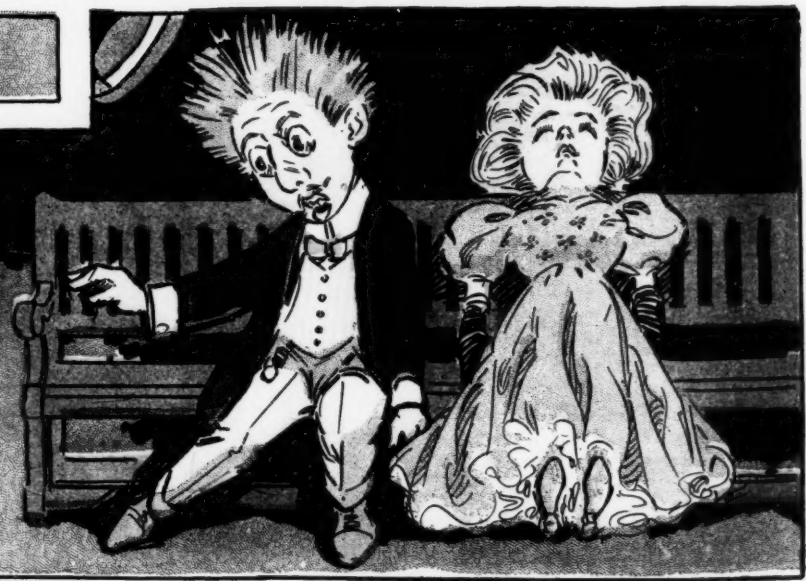
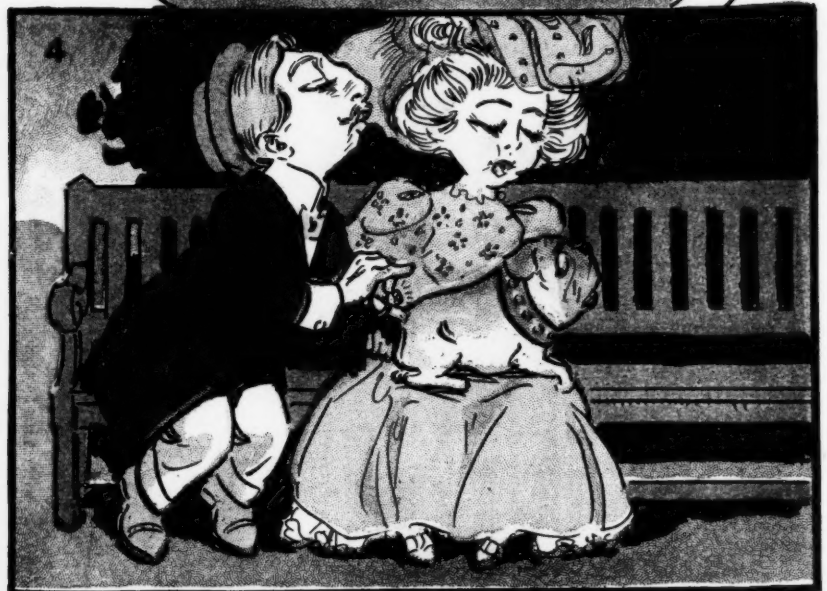
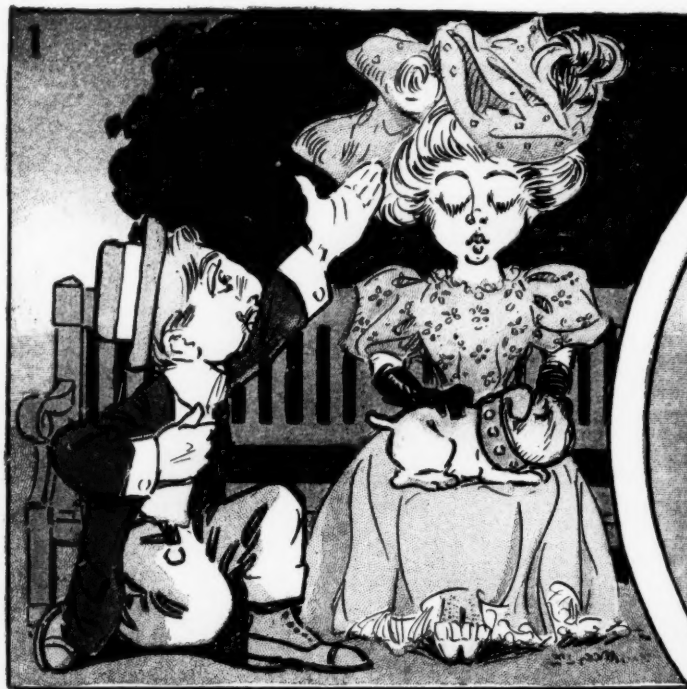
A soft, white skin gives  
charm to the plainest fea-  
tures.

Pears' Soap has a mes-  
sage of beauty for every  
woman who values a clear  
complexion.

Sold wherever stores are found.



"SAN FRANCISCO, THE CITY BEAUTIFUL"  
of the future. Past generations have sung  
the praises of the Queen of the Pacific and,  
through all the years, since the days of the  
Vigilantes to the present, men and women of  
the world over have read of the beauties of  
California and of the wonders of San Francisco  
in the OVERLAND MONTHLY, the west's repre-  
sentative magazine. The magazine survived  
earthquake and fire and has doubled its circula-  
tion, and may now be reckoned as one of the  
standard national magazines. All trains and  
news stands.



5 FRANK A. NANKIVELL 1916

THE PUCK PRESS

TRYING IT ON THE DOG.

A TALE OF LOVE, A RING AND A RINGER.